

dreams dollar donations

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by Anonymous

Summary

Dream fucks up. And since this is the first stream George has done since they're fight, he'll make sure to make it up to him - streamer style.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

George can't remember why they fought. Doesn't remember the context of the conversation. He was on the computer, helping Dream code out an opposite world to minecraft's current one. Like a DC Bizarro world kind of scenario - trees floating, the normal world on fire, the nether no longer the nether but a place of sea creatures and blocks of seaweed, hostile mobs now running away from the character. It was complex to say the very least, and they only managed to just get the walking squid to manage to walk on land.

And then Dream began to whine about something, and it was already one in the morning. George asked him to shut up playfully, but it came harsher than intended, and he seemed to have taken offense to the statement. A sharp insult hurled back, voices becoming more frustrated, angry, cruel.

"Sometimes I really do wonder if I love you." Dream ended the call with that statement, and for a moment the world just...

Stopped.

He just felt... blank. Nothing. No emotion.

Dream had already left the server, so he exited minecraft and silently did his nightly routine. He tried to grasp onto his thoughts, rewind the conversation, see where it went wrong so he can fix it. Curl up into a ball into a tiny, dark space, and cry silently. And yet, there was a part of him that burned in fury, wanting to tear apart everything around him.

The youtuber made the mistake of checking twitter that evening, as he slid underneath his navy blue sheets and stared at the black computer screens, where he would normally be teasing his boyfriend. Sapnap would be there too, just joining along in the fun and 3rd wheeling, not that he minded much.

Imagine being in love? Couldn't be me.

Dream had sent that out about an hour ago, and the post had much more retweets than likes, seeing as it was something people with heartbreak could normally relate too. But he felt called out, like their relationship was nothing more than a public partnership between two companies. With that simple tweet the floodgates opened, gripping his pillow tightly as his horrible mind played out an endless loop of scenarios where he would break up with Dream.

He didn't sleep a wink that evening.

Two days.

Two days and George hadn't posted a single thing on any social media platform. Dream checked his profile over and over again, even sent him a message the next morning asking if the shorter man was okay.

No response, left on read.

He must've really fucked up, huh?

And he had no clue how to make it up to him. It wasn't like he could appear on George's doorstep and hand him a bouquet of flowers as he got on his knees and begged for a second chance. Although... during the fight, he did say that he earned much, *much* more income than George. Not like Dream needed all the money anyway.

His brain lit up with an idea, and he quickly searched up 'cheesy romance lines.'

Five days later, George decided to get over himself and forced himself to look decent, making sure there was appropriate lighting before turning his camera on. He sent a quick story over instagram that he was going to be filming in about 10, getting notifications like a wildfire. Dream had been the first to like it as well, just commenting a simple *I love you* underneath it.

George deleted it. Not many fans noticed.

He started up the stream, watching the chat emerge from silence, simple greetings and hellos and love from his fans. A wide smile appeared on his face, a light blush dusting his cheeks. If there was anyone in the world who could make him feel loved, it was definitely his fans.

tumblr_refugee: morning georgie~

xxxfiles: omg is he blushing holy shit

kakashissimp: we missed you a lot

kakashissimp: you doing okay?

"Don't worry guys, I'm doing okay. Just needed a break from everything for a bit, time to recharge my batteries really." He replies. "I'm okay, I promise."

He booted up a minecraft world and told them that they would be doing a short speedrun of the game. A village was nearby, so he looted it for it's goods and stumbled upon a stone pickaxe, running off into the nearest cave system right after. A donation came in, alerting him that Dream

joined his stream and he rolled his eyes.

"No, I don't care that Dream just joined the stream." A pause. "Hey, that rhymes."

The chat suddenly blew up with theories and threatened to kill Dream if he even dared to lay a finger on him. "No, Dream didn't do anything bad. He and I are just... in an argument right now."

softgolbach: i will fight dream for you okay

specialagentrin: oooooo spill the tea

good_vines_27: how much you wanna bet that dream team is no more

He focuses on mining in the Nether for another 10 minutes, ignoring any messages showing up from Clay in the stream and thanking his viewer for the donations. He's scouting for a nether fortress when a donation from Dream comes in, and it's a single dollar.

I love you George the monotone voice read and the chat cooed at it, hearts flooding the small bar. He only rolled his eyes once more, sighed, and handed over gold to piglin. Two minutes before the same message came again.

I love you George. Dream had donated another dollar, and irritation built up inside of him. He didn't need this man's charity, this man's sympathy, and he longed to scream at the taller man through a computer screen. But that would stir up unnecessary drama he didn't need in his life right now, so he ignored the message.

I love you George.

I love you George.

I love you George.

Three more donations of the same message slid in five minutes later, and he looked at it in confusion, refusing to cave in. Another five minutes, the same donations of a single dollar and that repeated line.

“It’s irritating to hear that over and over again, I’m tempted to block you.” George said absentmindedly.

I think he’s trying to get your attention georgie. The next donation said, giving him 20 dollars.

“Don’t worry, I know. I’m not in the mood to talk to him, that’s all.” He shrugs, letting out a curse as he accidentally stepped in lava.

I love you George.

George let out a groan, mouse moving to block Dream when the monotone voice spoke again. Another single dollar, with a horrible pick up line.

On a scale of 1 to 10: you're nine and i'm the one you need ;)

George bit his lower lip. The block button was right there. All he needed to do was click it and he wouldn’t have to put up with this anymore. But that felt like a goodbye in a strange sense. It brought back an old feeling, when he was 12 and Dream was 13 and Dream blocked him on skype. He did everything in his power to try and convince him to stay, without any avail. And he meant anything, from offering him money to his cat. It wasn't until Dream heard the hard sobbing from the other line that he decided to give him a second chance.

With a deep breath, he turned back to his minecraft screen and continued playing.

The next hour was just horrible pick up lines that made him gag. He wasn’t the type for PDA, but the lines managed to make his heart skip a beat. Kinda felt like he was falling in love all over again, being dragged right back into Dream's orbit.

if i had a star every time you brightened up my day, I would be holding a galaxy

are you ever going to kiss me or do i have to lie to my diary?

they say that disneyland is the most happiest place on earth: clearly they've never been in your arms

And the chat was loving every last moment.

dreamsbiggestfan: OH FUCK MY SHIPPER HEART :heart: :heart: :heart: :heart: :heart: :heart:

sugarmommies: i - what the fuck is going on

sassysastiel: theyre in love i fucking knew it i knew it

kakera: and they say romance is dead

Three hours later and one dead ender dragon later, he checked his donations and realised that Dream had sent him almost five thousand dollars. His eyes widened at the amount, scanning the endless lines of I love you's and cheesy quotes.

"Dream, I love you too." He whispers, just loud enough so the mic can pick up on it.

Later that afternoon, Dream's streaming with BadBoyHalo, the older youtuber stumbled upon a mod where you could simply adopt everything. And Bad, being a huge softie, begged Skeppy to play with him that evening, but he was busy. And it's not like Dream had any plans that night, so he offered to view the mod with him.

Bad's busy attempting to adopt a spider when the ping for a donation comes in, eyes widening as it's from George. He's donated a thousand dollars to him, saying;

I love you so much, you know that, right? Nothing I could ever say or do will ever show the amount of love I have for you, but I can sure as hell try.

Dream's speechless for a moment, as another thousand dollars are sent.

I'm sorry for you-know-what. Should've talked it out like adults.

I don't need your money to know you love me. You say it to me every day, show it to me all the time. I've never doubted it for a moment.

I may not show it back in public, but I do love repeating it over and over to you when we're alone.

Five thousand dollars. George just sent him five thousand dollars.

Then a single dollar donation comes in.

I love you, Dream.

The chat goes into an absolute uproar from there.

End Notes

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